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# Macalester Today February 1992

Macalester College

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# MACALESTER TODAY

February 1992

**FAVORITE PROFESSORS**  
Alumni remember Ted Mitau  
and other special teachers





# LETTERS

The policy of Macalester Today is to publish as many letters as possible from alumni, the primary audience of this magazine, as well as other members of the Macalester community. Exceptions are letters that personally malign an individual or are not related to issues at Macalester or contents of the magazine. Please send letters intended for publication to Letters to the Editor, Macalester Today, Public Relations and Publications Department, Macalester College, 1600 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105-1899. We reserve the right to edit letters for conciseness and clarity.

## Wartime memories

I enjoyed the article by Esther Torii Suzuki '46, my friend and classmate. I remembered some of the material from our freshman days, but it was good to review it once more and realize what the Japanese-Americans went through during World War II.

Marion Primeau Kole '46  
Green Valley, Ariz.

I have always remembered with much pride when the Japanese-American students came to Macalester—pride because that's how Mac was and because it helped erase the shame we felt then, and still do, at the way Japanese-Americans were treated.

I recall Esther as a very happy, fun-loving girl. But being just a little older, I didn't realize until I read her wonderful article (out loud to my husband, Bob, and I cried) what a difficult time she had leaving her family and adjusting to her "new life" at Mac.

I loved her stories and quotes from Dean Margaret Doty and especially Mary Gwen Owen. Since I was a speech-English major, Mary Gwen and I were great friends and remained so until she died. The ice cream cone bit was so typical of her. With the exception of my mother, Mary Gwen was the greatest influence in my life.

Elizabeth Sperling Stark '43  
Gig Harbor, Wash.

## Favorite books

I enjoyed the article in November's *Macalester Today* about favorite books and would like to respond with my feelings on my favorite.

*Tropic of Capricorn* by Henry Miller woke me up one summer. It is a ram-bunctious, wordy, sexual travesty that flies and spits directly in the face of convention. I was initially shocked by the book, but its enlightenment, honesty and the mysticism of Miller's observations captivated me. The book gives credence to the phrase, "tour de force."

Elisabeth K. Boylan '85  
Washington, D.C.

*Feminism Unmodified* by Catharine A. MacKinnon has personal meaning to me because it puts into words many things I

already knew but never could have articulated on my own.

In the face of institutional resistance, MacKinnon articulates and implements a radical reinterpretation of gendered sexuality as the pervasive means by (and end to) which men oppress women. Her hard-headed refusal to condone pleasure that oppresses; soft-hearted identification with the women sexism throws away; and strong hands, which fashion power from powerlessness, are manifest in a work that demonstrates the contribution intellect can make to social change.

Tim Hodgdon '82  
Minneapolis

I picked up the November issue with great anticipation, having noted on the cover that six faculty members would write about the books that shaped their

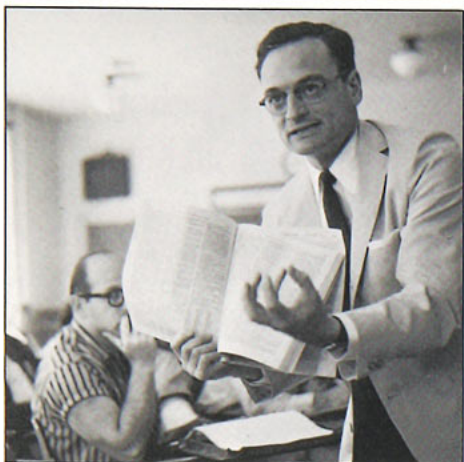
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It is the fall of 1939 and five young women, all from the Class of 1940, are striding arm and arm into the future. They are (from left, with current city of residence): Mildred Thom Flooding of White Bear Lake, Minn.; Janet Perkins Wallace of Frederick, Md.; Marion Clark Elliott of St. Paul; Inez Zizka Sturm of St. Paul; and Margaret Adams Moore of Sarasota, Fla. Marion is the daughter of the late Professor Glenn Clark—see page 12.



# ABOUT THIS ISSUE



The cover photo, taken from Macalester's archives, captures some of the passion of G. Theodore Mitau, one of the college's most respected faculty members. For more about Mitau and other professors, turn to page 10.

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by Kevin Brooks



## Faculty approves new graduation requirements, beginning in 1993-94

The faculty has approved the most comprehensive academic reforms at Macalester in nearly 30 years. They are designed, in part, to reflect the college's longstanding commitment to internationalism and cultural diversity.

The Dec. 4 vote was the culmination of a college-wide review of the curriculum and graduation requirements that began formally with the 1990-91 "Year of Academic Planning" and continued through several faculty meetings last fall.

The changes will take effect in the 1993-94 academic year, as will other major changes. The faculty voted earlier to increase classroom hours by 20 percent in order to assure more teacher-student contact, and to retain Macalester's 4-1-4 calendar but strengthen the January Interim term and better integrate it into the regular curriculum.

The new graduation requirements mean that beginning in the fall of 1993, all students must:

- Complete a major (a core program will not be sufficient) and all majors must include a senior "capstone" experience that will give students experience doing original work or presenting a performance. The requirement may be met in many ways, such as a senior seminar, independent project or honors project. In recent graduating classes, fewer than 5 percent of the students did not complete a major.
- Spend at least four semesters in residence at Macalester, including at least one semester of the senior year. Time spent on study-abroad programs will not count toward satisfaction of this requirement.
- Demonstrate a level of proficiency in a second language (other than the student's native tongue) equivalent to two semesters of college-level study. The requirement may be satisfied by high school work, examination or college work. In the first-year class that entered Macalester in 1990, 97 percent had already satisfied the requirement. But the faculty believed a formal

GREG HELGESON



## A choir for all seasons

The Macalester Concert Choir, led by Kathy Saltzman Romey, performed its 15th annual Festive Evenings Dec. 6-7. The popular concerts include chorale music from around the world. Music of Latin America was featured in anticipation of the group's March 19-28 tour of Costa Rica, the home country of choir president Gustavo Rodríguez Sánchez '92. The 35-member choir toured Scotland in March 1991.

requirement was in keeping with Macalester's commitment to internationalism.

- Take at least one course in "international diversity" and at least one course in "domestic diversity." The former will address the heritage of a country, region or culture outside the United States; the latter will concentrate upon the diverse cultural groups within the U.S. Many existing courses will satisfy the requirement, but new courses will also be developed.
- Each first-year student must take a course with a small enrollment (no more than 16 students) in their first semester. First priority for registration in the course will be reserved for entering first-year students and pre-enrollment by mail will be available each summer. The instructor will normally be assigned as the adviser of entering students in the course, although students may request a different adviser. First-year courses will normally offer special instruction in writing.

In addition, the faculty considered requiring students to take an interdisciplinary general education course but decided such action was premature. Instead, the faculty approved a motion asking Provost Elizabeth Ivey to organize and support an experimental program of

general education courses to be conducted for three years (1992-93 to 1994-95). At the end of that time, the provost is to report the results of the experiment to the Curriculum Committee and recommend whether requiring such courses of all Macalester students is both desirable and feasible.

The January Interim term—to be renamed Intersession—will be optional for both students and faculty. And the number of courses students must take to graduate will be reduced from the current 35, up to four of which can be Interim courses, to 34, none of which have to be Intersession courses. However, the 34-course requirement will encourage many students to take two Intersession courses—a 4-1-4 course load—during two of their four years at Macalester.

Students will be graded in Intersession just as in the regular term and their grades will be figured into their grade point average. At present, students take Interim courses on a pass-fail basis. In addition, departments will be allowed to offer Intersession courses that count toward a student's major and/or meet distribution requirements.

Students who matriculated before the fall of 1993 will have the option of satisfying either the requirements in effect at the time of matriculation or those in effect at the time of graduation.

—Jon Halvorsen





Anthony Caponi crouches on the hill into which his 170-foot-long bronze sculpture, Pompeii, is embedded. His wife, Cheryl, sits with their daughter, Rosanna, while their other daughter, Renata, perches on a birch stump. Bottom left: A 1968 work called Meteorite, made of fieldstone.

JERRY RUDQUIST



## Anthony Caponi's life of art and art of life

After 42 years at Macalester, sculptor Anthony Caponi officially retired last spring. Naturally, he continues to create art. The setting is nature—the thickly wooded park that surrounds his home in Eagan, Minn.

“Here the land—his home itself—is the medium,” Cherie Doyle Riesenberg, curator of the Macalester Galleries, wrote in an illustrated, 16-page brochure published last fall by the Macalester art department. In it, Caponi’s colleagues, students and friends pay tribute to the artist who emigrated to the U.S. from Italy in 1936 at the age of 15 and who began teaching at Macalester in 1949.

As the art department’s longtime chair, Caponi was a vital force in shaping Macalester’s art program and creating the Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center. Among

those he mentored is sculptor Wayne E. Potratz ’64, a professor of studio art at the University of Minnesota (see page 27).

Caponi, who practices the art of direct stone carving, has created major works displayed at the Eisenhower Library in Abilene, Texas, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the downtown mall in St. Cloud, Minn. Since 1950, he has continuously built his own home, studio and surrounding grounds into a park and sculpture garden. He wants the Caponi Art Park to be open while he works so that people may see his process of art making.

“The park is here not to exhibit art,” he says, “but to reunite art with nature and people. Art should not be a mystery, but should be seen in the process of creation.”





Vygandas Juras of Lithuania, one of 165 international students enrolled at Macalester this year, with his American family, Janet and Lance Nemanic of Shakopee, Minn., and their son, Aaron. "We've become very close," Janet says.

## Ex-Soviet soldier enlists in Class of '93

A former Red Army sergeant who wanted to be a soccer coach, 22-year-old Macalester junior Vygandas Juras of Lithuania has set his sights on a larger playing field—international diplomacy. As Juras sees it, planning successful diplomatic strategies requires many of the same skills needed to guide a winning soccer team.

Born in Vilnius, Lithuania, Juras, who enrolled at Macalester last fall, is majoring in international studies and plans to return to Lithuania for a career in foreign affairs. He knows several languages and has already traveled much more than most Lithuanians, having toured Germany and Sweden in addition to the U.S.

"The more I see and hear about developments around the world—especially in my country where things are changing so quickly—I think studying about international relations will serve me well," he says. "Lithuania is going to need people with global understanding to negotiate trade agreements and other contracts."

Juras already has solid experience in arranging international agreements. While studying to be a soccer coach at the Institute for Physical Education in Kaunas, he

chaired a student organization that arranged travel programs to more than a dozen countries.

During the course of those duties, he met veterans of the Afghanistan war who were organizing an exchange program with American veterans of the Vietnam War. The program, Common Fates, linked about a dozen American, Russian and Lithuanian veterans and gave them the opportunity to share their experiences of serving in highly unpopular wars.

Impressed with Juras' fluency in Russian, Lithuanian and English, the Common Fates organizers offered him a job as an interpreter and the chance to travel to the U.S. in August 1990. The exchange program, he says, gave him a different perspective of the military compared to his year's service in the Soviet army training soldiers in chemical warfare.

After beginning their American tour in Washington, D.C., the Russian and Lithuanian vets traveled to Minneapolis, where Juras met Lance and Janet Nemanic of Shakopee, one of the program's host families. He and Lance quickly became friends, and Juras shared with him his wish to stay in the U.S. long

enough to buy medicine for his father, a chronic asthmatic.

The Nemanics, who have two teen-age sons of their own, decided they had room for one more. They helped Juras extend his visa and send over-the-counter medication to his father. In all, Juras lived with the Nemanics for one year, and during that time they helped him overcome immigration problems and cultural differences, learn how to drive—and apply to Macalester, which they'd heard had a reputation for welcoming international students.

"We've become very close, but much of what we've been through together hasn't been easy," says Janet Nemanic. "It took a lot of work to allow him to stay here, and at first the leaders of Common Fates were upset when they learned that he wasn't going back with the others. But we made it through it, and he's very happy studying at Macalester."

The Nemanics correspond with Juras' parents, and they hope their families will have the opportunity to meet someday. Juras is the oldest of six children. His father is a doctor, and his mother teaches English. They've lived in the small city of Varena for 17 years.

"Everyone knows everybody there," Juras says. "My parents and the whole town are very proud of me. It's a big deal to study at an American college."

—Gary McVey

## Collective wisdom

What do two historians, a chemist and a mathematician add up to? In this case, 405 points—the number scored by the victorious faculty College Bowl team of David Itzkowitz, Norm Rosenberg, Truman Schwartz and Stan Wagon.

The faculty defeated a student team last fall, 405 to 305, "thus avenging an ignominious defeat at the hands of the students" the year before, Wagon reported. The student team, who won the students' College Bowl, included Christopher Dewell '93 (Tulsa, Okla.), Jed Sunden '93 (Brooklyn, N.Y.), Edward VanNess '94 (Fairbanks, Alaska) and John Winstandley '92 (Lexington, Ky.).

The College Bowl competition is modeled after the TV quiz show. Sample question: What is a word in both English and pig Latin? Answer: Ashtray.



## A scientific model

Jodi E. Goldberg '89 is attending Stanford University on a Predoctoral Fellowship from the Howard Hughes Medical Institute. The prestigious fellowship, which provides three to five years of support toward a doctorate, is granted to only 69 students nationally—fewer than 5 percent of the applicants this year.

Goldberg, who enrolled last fall in Stanford's immunology program, won several awards at Macalester, including the O.T. and Kathryn Walter Award and the William R. Angell Foundation Prize in biology. As a junior, she won the Gateway Prize, given for excellence in writing in any discipline, for a paper she wrote in immunology. As a Hughes Scholar at Macalester, she worked with biology Professor Janet R. Serie to characterize a population of white blood cells which invade foreign grafts but do not cause their rejection. Her work was granted highest honors in the college honor program.

Goldberg, originally from Golden Valley, Minn., said she credits Serie for her academic success in a field dominated by men. Only about 25 percent of the predoctoral fellows are women.

"I can't speak for all female scientists," Goldberg said, "but for me it was very important to have a strong female role model in what is a very male discipline. I think things are changing but they're changing slowly. It was important to have exposure to a woman who had made it through a Ph.D. program. And to see that she not only made it through but was an excellent teacher and an excellent researcher." —Jon Halvorsen

## Bonny tradition

Macalester will host the 20th annual Scottish Country Fair and Highland Games from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday, May 2.

The event brings together the Macalester family, people of Scottish heritage and the community at large. It includes bagpipe, Highland dance and athletic competitions; a parade of massed bands and parade of tartans; sheepherding demonstrations; entertainment; children's activities; performances by Highland Living History; an art fair and a variety of Scottish foods.

For more information, call (612) 696-6239.

## Mac's soccer teams shine again for Leaney

Soccer coach John Leaney guided both the men's and women's teams to excellent seasons once again last fall, something Macalester fans have come to expect. Both finished third in the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference and combined for a 22-11-1 record against top-notch competition.

The women's success was a little surprising after the loss of an outstanding senior class from the year before. Newcomers stepped in and did a great job, however, and the returning veterans all improved. The result was a 7-2 conference record, including an overtime victory over nationally ranked St. Thomas.

First-year student Jenny Scanlon (Fullerton, Calif.) moved into the forward position and immediately became one of the top three or four players in the conference. Scanlon set a school record for goals in a season with 16 and finished second in the league in scoring. She joined junior Beth Weber (Golden Valley, Minn.) on the All-Conference team as well as the All-West Region team. Sophomore defender Paige Fitzgerald (Sioux Falls, S.D.) also enjoyed an outstanding season and was named second team All-MIAC.

The men failed to repeat as MIAC champs but still finished 11-5-1 overall and 8-2 in the league. The Scots played what was probably the strongest schedule in the nation among Division III teams, going up against nationally ranked teams from Colorado College, UC-San Diego, Wheaton and Illinois Benedictine, as well as the traditionally tough MIAC schedule.

Three of the best soccer players ever to perform for Macalester finished excellent careers. Senior midfielder Matt Jackson (Auckland, New Zealand) received his fourth All-Conference certificate and was named conference Most Valuable Player. Senior defender Roger Bridge (Auckland, New Zealand), the 1990 conference MVP, also earned his fourth All-Conference award. The Scots scored a school-record 53 goals, largely due to the flashy play of senior Mark Abboud (Rochester, Minn.), who led the league in scoring for the second straight season.

AT MACALESTER continued on page 33



## Drama lifts another curtain on the Soviet Union

Macalester's dramatic arts and dance department in October presented the U.S. premiere of "Dear Elena Sergeevna" by Soviet female playwright Ludmilla Razumovskaya. Initially banned in the Soviet Union, the play about a high school teacher and four of her students has been called a provocative study of the moral bankruptcy of the younger Soviet generation. Director Sears Eldredge enlisted Macalester Russian Professor James von Geldern and Soviet student Oksana Shlobina '95 to help his student actors learn more about the attitudes of Elena and her pupils.



The Egyptian pyramids loom in the background, eight miles from Cairo. With a population of more than 10 million people, Cairo is the largest city in Africa.

This photo looks south toward the center of the city, with the residential district of Abbasiyya in the foreground.



# Western Myths, Arab Enlightenment

by Thomas J. Abercrombie

*At last, Americans may be starting to surrender their stereotypes for the richer, fuller, more complex picture that is the true Mideast*



For more than 35 years I have photographed and reported on the Muslim world for *National Geographic*. Often, compared to stories on America and Europe, the Middle East rated low on our readership surveys.

Letters from our readers, who are mostly American, often displayed a shocking ignorance of Islamic geography and history. Many expressed hostility. My task often seemed—to use the words of an ancient Sufi mystic—“like selling mirrors in the city of the blind.”

I discovered early that the shadow of the Crusades, even after eight centuries, still darkened Western judgment. Our history curricula, long ethnocentric and Christian-oriented, neglected the enlightened Arab culture that surrounded Europe during its “Dark Ages.” (One library in 10th-century Córdoba in Spain held more books than the rest of Europe combined.) My high school world history class jumped directly from Rome to the Renaissance. The powerful Muslim world long represented a threat to Christendom. Never mind that Islam and Christianity shared the same Semitic origins, and most of the same prophets.

As for the Crusades, I was taught that they were noble religious wars to rescue the “Holy Land” from infidels. Arab historians, of course, give us a different picture, one closer, perhaps, to what these wars really were—bold invasions by distant rustics, hungry for land. The invaders held that land for barely a century but they won great riches. They brought back poetry and music, chivalry, the art of stained glass, books on medicine and astronomy, the long-lost works of Galen and Aristotle—sparks that would help ignite Europe’s Renaissance.

Still, Islam remained something to be feared. In our day, massive lobbying to justify Israel’s hard-

line stances often casts Arabs in unflattering stereotypes.

The oil crisis in 1972, and the Israeli invasion of Lebanon a decade later, began to change all this. More recently, “Desert Storm,” apparently fought to make the world safe for medieval monarchies, perhaps opened more eyes. America, in a surge of pride and patriotism, demonstrated once again the wealth of its military and the poverty of its foreign policy. Recent relentless efforts to defuse the Palestinian-Israeli conflict by negotiation reflect a more mature diplomacy. America is discovering the Middle East. Now that reality seems to be melting the ramparts of the Cold War that has dominated U.S. priorities since World War II, we are beginning to focus more attention on the Muslim world.

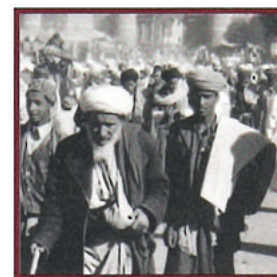
From a writer’s point of view, the Middle East is as colorful as it is vital:

□ “Allah Akbar!” At the sound of prayer call, traffic along the 10-lane highway into holy Mecca in Saudi Arabia draws to a halt. “Allah is most great!” repeat the voices from a dozen minarets as passengers from buses, pickups and limousines descend to fill roads and streets, orienting their prayer carpets toward the sacred Haram Mosque that rises above the center of the crowded city. The mosque itself is already packed with a million of the faithful, garbed in pilgrims’ white. They form concentric circles around the stark black Ka’aba shrine in the center of the courtyard to bow in unison for afternoon prayer. This is the Middle East: Moved by religion.

□ At Dubai in the United Arab Emirates, I approach the hotel desk with a traveler’s check. Will the hotel change a large note? The young man ahead of me in line, wearing a white robe and headcloth, asks the cashier, “Twenty?” He receives a nod, then signs 20 \$500 checks, walking away with a thick stack of colorful Moroccan dirhams. This is the Middle East: Affluent.

□ An Iraqi archeologist friend lays a cake of brittle clay in my hand. Inscribed with delicate cuneiform characters, it is one of thousands from a “library” of Babylonian tablets he recently unearthed along the Tigris. “Inscribed on this one,” he points out, “is a version of Noah and the flood composed 3,000 years before the Old Testament was written down.” This is the Middle East: Ancient, venerable.

□ After lunch at a roadside teashop in Yemen, a Yemeni friend and I compare assault rifles. “You really should use plastic clips; they almost never jam,” he counsels me. Most of the tribesmen around us never let go of their AK-47’s, even to eat. Holding the gun in the left hand, they scoop up rice and chicken with the right. Jeeps parked outside carry no license plates; loyalty here is to



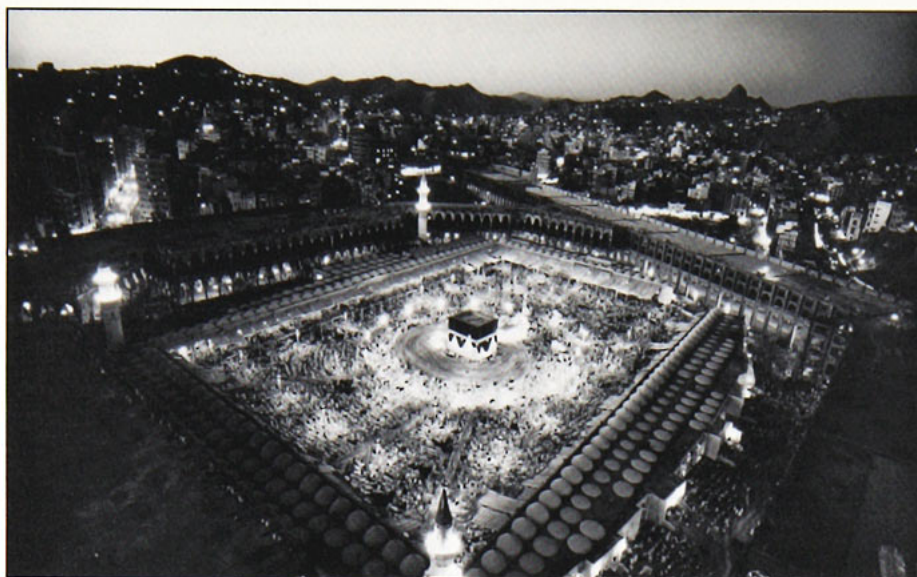
With ‘Desert Storm,’ America demonstrated once again the wealth of its military and the poverty of its foreign policy.



Thomas J. Abercrombie '52 was born in Stillwater, Minn., and lives now in Shady Side, Md., with his wife, Marilyn Bruette Abercrombie '54. A writer and photographer for

National Geographic Magazine since 1956, he has specialized in the Islamic countries and the Middle East. On a recent assignment (“Ibn Battuta, Prince of Travelers,” December 1991 issue), he journeyed from Morocco to China. He was twice named “Photographer of the Year” by the National Press Photographers Association. The Overseas Press Club of America cited him for “Best Photographic Reporting from Abroad from a Magazine or Book” in 1972. Macalester awarded him a Distinguished Citizen Citation in 1982.





Muslims jam Haram Mosque in the holy city of Mecca in Saudi Arabia to pay homage to Allah. In a milling mass, those in the center—blurred in this time exposure—circle the black-draped Ka'aba, most sacred of Islamic shrines. Five times each day, Muslims around the world turn toward Mecca to pray.



Unlike communism, now discredited, Islam—at once a religion, a culture and an ideology—remains a growing political force.

local sheikhs, not the central government. At a nearby market (one that sells VCR's, stained-glass windows and smuggled gasoline as well), I inquire about hand grenades. "Russian or American models?" the merchant asks, pulling out a tray of his deadly wares. This is the Middle East: Unsettled, sometimes explosive.

- The burning sun quenches itself in the endless dunes that lap a lonely Bedouin camp on the edge of Arabia's Empty Quarter, a desert the size of Texas. Under a goat-hair awning, Sheikh Muhammad lifts a brass pot from the embers to pour us cardamom-laced coffee. Veiled women of the clan huddle in the tent's deeper shadows. Around us camels slide silently through the waves of sand, the only life stirring for 50 miles. Suddenly, the phone rings! My host excuses himself. Soon back to pour a second round, he explains, "Good news. The tank truck is on the way with water for the thirsty flock." This is the Middle East: A mingling of centuries.
- The small, bearded apparition in a green silk robe embroidered with Koranic prayers seeks me out in the back streets of Tangier's Casbah. Over tea, in an exotic mix of Arabic and French, we find a common interest, the history of Islamic mysticism. He offers to accompany me to the remote Rif Mountain tomb of Sidi Abdel-Salaam Mechiche, one of many small shrines to Morocco's mystic sages. Along the steep trail through pine and cork oaks my friend lectures on metaphysics. "The real meaning of life is deep within us all," he insists. After we pay our respects at the lonely, mile-high sepulcher, he adds, "We must only empty our heart of its day-to-day burdens—and the truth will flow in." He slips into the knot of devotees praying around the shrine and is gone. This is the Middle East: Mystical.

Like the Soviet Union, the Middle East embraces vast territories that encompass many races and languages. Long treated as minor players in world affairs, the Arab countries and their brother Muslim nations today count nearly a billion souls spread across three continents from the Atlantic to China, heirs of an Arab empire once greater than Rome. Unlike communism, now discredited, Islam—at once a religion, a culture and an ideology—remains a growing political force. Indeed, Arab ownership of most of the world's oil (Saudi Arabia alone counts 10 times the proven reserves of the United States), and the powderkeg relationship between Arab countries and America's ally, Israel, embedded in their midst, assure the region's prominence on Western political agendas well into the next century.

Last summer, I completed a year-long journey through more than 40 Muslim lands, following the tracks of an amazing Arab voyager who left us with a detailed narrative of his travels from his native Tangier all the way to Quanzhou on the South China coast, including spectacular detours across the Sahara to Timbuktu and northward through the snows of the Russian Steppes. His name was Ibn Battuta. Although famous in Arabic-speaking lands, he rarely appears in the West except in the footnotes of scholars. Yet for centuries—until the age of steam—he could rightly claim title to "the world's most traveled man," logging 75,000 miles on foot, by camel, aboard junks and sailing dhows. This man was easily a story by himself, but reliving his voyage also provided me a bird's-eye view of today's changing Muslim world.

Looking back, I see clearly that this long journey in Ibn Battuta's footsteps began 40 years ago on the Macalester campus, although, truth is, I was not aware of it at the time. My freshman goals were straightforward: a degree in journalism followed by a camera career on a big city daily. But the world that gathered around Old Main under the



United Nations flag, Macalester faculty and students alike, would sharpen my perspective and change my dreams.

Ivan Burg demonstrated journalism is only one part theory and nine parts practice. Phil Beedon explained the frightening force of public opinion. Alonzo Hauser showed me art was less a learning process than a discovery of one's self. Under the unrelenting gaze of Franz Westermeir, I struggled



In Yemen, a bespectacled sheikh chants a passage from his hand-lettered Koran during an open-air service.

with the rudiments of German, my first foreign language. "*Wer keine fremde Sprache kennt, weist nicht seine eigene,*" he and his countryman, Goethe, argued: "Anyone unfamiliar with a foreign language does not know his own." Ted Mitau taught me the drama that is politics. Foreign students from Russia, China, Australia and Greece brought the world to my doorstep. An Iranian friend, Manucher "Mike" Armajani, first whetted my appetite for the Middle East.

In 1956, after I worked for newspapers in Fargo and Milwaukee, the *National Geographic* beckoned

and the seeds planted at Macalester began to sprout. They could have hardly found more fertile soil than my first overseas assignment: Lebanon. If I was at all apprehensive, it was because I knew not one word of Arabic.

"Not to worry," an older colleague assured me. "Everyone there speaks good French."

I was too proud to admit I didn't know French either.

But Lebanon was its own teacher. Beirut in the 1950s was where East and West still met peacefully, a kind of Switzerland by the sea where ideas and money crossed the table in a half-dozen languages, a setting that blew away all my Middle East stereotypes forever. Here you could water ski at the St. Georges Club in the morning and, after lunch with Turkish coffee and a hobble-bobble pipe in the covered bazaar, drive to the nearby mountains for a downhill run on fresh powder. Once, dining with a Lebanese businessman friend and his colleagues at the world-class Casino du Liban, I watched him buy a ship loaded with Argentine wheat—at the moment still in mid-Atlantic—then sell the ship to one man and the wheat to another, pocketing a \$25,000 profit. This was clearly a world worth knowing more about.

Despite a few delightful interruptions—a trip across Antarctica to South Pole Station, Venezuela, a year aboard Commandant Cousteau's *Calypso*, Tibet, Australia, Easter Island—I have managed to spend most of my working life in the Middle East. I've worked in every Arab country except Libya, producing a film and a score of stories for the *Geographic*. Immersed in Arabic language and literature, I became especially influenced by the abstract majesty of the Sufis, or "Islamic mystics." Unlike the Muslim fanatics and militants who often make headlines in the West, the Sufis quietly press, as they have for centuries, the search for tolerance and "enlightenment from within." At Mecca, in 1965, I embraced Islam officially.

**N**ow the ghost of Ibn Battuta has guided me through the Islam of India and Indonesia and introduced me to some of the 100 million Muslims who live in the Soviet Union and China. As more and more of these regions open up, as more is published on the subject, it becomes increasingly difficult—in fact, impossible—to keep up with the field. Sometimes I have been introduced as "a Middle East expert," but in fact there is no such thing. As an Arab diplomat friend of mine put it, "Anyone who thinks he is an expert on the Middle East really just doesn't understand the Middle East."

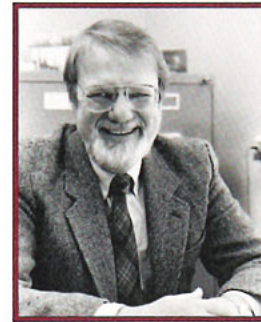
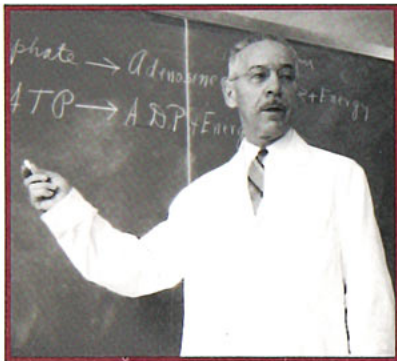
As I write this, I am contemplating another interruption, an article on winter life in Wyoming. I'm ready for a cool mountain breeze and the chance to get my bearings back in my own country again. Soon enough the Middle East will draw me back.

It always does. ■



The Sufis, or 'Islamic mystics,' quietly press the search for tolerance and 'enlightenment from within.' At Mecca, in 1965, I embraced Islam officially.





# Favorite Profs

They encouraged, they challenged, they opened minds. They were understanding, demanding, delightful and generous. By being the best teachers they could be, they brought out the best in their students.

In last February's issue and again last May, we invited alumni to tell us about their favorite professors at Macalester. It was not an easy assignment, and we made it harder because we asked those who responded to write about only *one* faculty member, even though many had more than one favorite.

We have included every response. If your favorite professor isn't mentioned here, it's because we didn't hear from you. But it's not too late: We welcome comments about other Macalester professors, and we will publish as many responses as space permits.



## Thomas E. Hill

*philosophy, 1946–74*

**William P. Gerberding '51, Seattle, president, University of Washington:**

Professor Thomas E. Hill fundamentally changed my life. I was undergoing my own version of some fairly standard collegiate changes, from a rather carefree, callow young man to a more serious-minded young adult. In my case, this entailed a shift from "sports and girls" to a nearly obsessive concern with theological questions. (My father was a Lutheran minister.) It was rather traumatic for me and those around me.

Into all of this chaos and confusion came the arrestingly analytical clarity and brilliance of Professor Hill. Through his classes in logic, ethics, Plato and the history of philosophy, a whole new world opened up for me. The excitement of learn-



Thomas Hill: Southern gentleman.

ing how to think clearly, and of discovering that the basic questions I was suddenly preoccupied with had been thought and written about for centuries, came to dominate my life at Macalester and for years thereafter.

He was also a kind and unassuming man, probably the first "Southern gentleman" I had known. He and his wife treated the small band of philosophy majors with care and respect. I owe him more than I can ever repay.

## F. Earl Ward

*English, 1926–62*

**Anne Harbour '63, Boston, editor at Houghton Mifflin:**

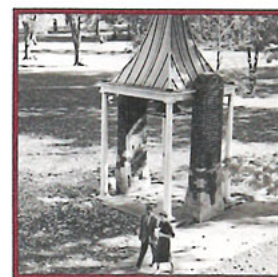
First day, first class, freshman year. One hundred freshmen buzzed uneasily in the Little Theater. Precisely at 8 a.m., F. Earl Ward strode down the aisle and tackled his subject, the great literature of Western civilization.

A dynamic figure in brown tweeds, he put us on our mettle as he lectured. Sometimes he read passages from Sophocles or Shakespeare or Keats, changing tone and roles at will. Sometimes he showed slides or films, bringing us the Canterbury of Chaucer's pilgrims or the Renaissance Italy of Browning's monologues. Sometimes he talked about the critical debates a poet or essayist had stimulated over time.

Our core texts were five modestly priced, locally printed booklets, *Poetry through Eye and Ear*, containing Dr. Ward's own choices of great writing. Many were classics, today called "the canon"—but they were also the discerning choices of a man who loved the English language, heard its music and wanted to hand on to us the gift of the best in our own heritage.

Recorded poetry supplemented the texts, on 33's that he played occasionally rather than reading aloud. Beautifully read, the records nonetheless lacked the dramatic passion of a teacher who could summon the world of Browning's Fra Lippo Lippi with a slightly raised eyebrow and tilt of his head. So he'd stop the record and continue the passage from memory, pausing now and then to ask, "What does this mean to you?" (Lest we focus exclusively on our private interpretations, Dr. Ward's tests ruthlessly challenged our ability to identify author, title, context and meaning.)

Having entered Dr. Ward's class as a declared but lukewarm English major, I discovered through him a deeper interest in the discipline. This led by way of the Arthurian legends to courses in Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton. The year I took Chaucer, the class consisted of three students and Dr. Ward. He stinted not a whit in his preparation—the difference being that I no longer had the pro-



Dr. Ward studied, he lived, he taught—a life all of a piece. I learned from what I read and heard but even more from who he was.



tective cover of a hundred classmates for an assignment less than ready. Only years later did I discover that we all shared the fear that one might fall ill and leave only two of us to discuss our insights into, say, "Troilus and Criseide" for an hour with Dr. Ward.

I graduated in 1963, the year F. Earl Ward retired. As a teaching assistant, I helped to establish the scholarship in his name, a gift from his col-

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F. Earl Ward: He loved the English language.

leagues and students of nearly 40 years. That spring we students were invited in groups of three or four to tea with Dr. and Mrs. Ward at their house near the campus. Only then did I learn that he was in such poor health that he rose daily at 5 a.m. in order to be fit at an 8 o'clock class. The recorded readings helped him concentrate energy on teaching. Then, too, I saw the beautiful editions of Chaucer and Shakespeare he acquired, partly in his quest for the latest scholarship and partly for sheer love of the works.

He studied, he lived, he taught—a life all of a piece. I learned from what I read and heard but even more from who he was. Some 30 years later, I see that as perhaps most important: he embodied the liberal arts for me—an open-ended quest for the best that one can be.

## Glenn Clark

*English, 1912–42, and  
religion, 1940–42*

**Pearl C. Murray '23, St. Paul,  
retired high school English teacher:**

On the opening day of school in September 1919, a timid freshman girl walked down the squeaky wooden floor that led from Old Main to the East Wing of Macalester. The schedule she carried indicated the number of the room where she was to have her first English class.

Little did she know that she was about to enter the classroom of a man who would influence all the rest of her life—Professor Glenn Clark. But when she left the room an hour later, she had already fallen under his spell, and in some inexplicable way she walked with more confidence in herself.

That was the genius of Professor Clark. He gave a feeling of self-worth to everyone he met, or at least to everyone who was open to receive it.

Jesus said to the infirm, "Be thou made whole." When Jesus looked at people, he saw them not as physical or moral or spiritual cripples, but as men and women who already contained within themselves the seeds for growing into the whole, the perfect person.

Other than Glenn Clark, no person of my acquaintance has ever come so close to having that Christ-like quality of seeing beyond the unattractive, sometimes even repulsive exterior into the heart of a person created in God's image. Seeing the possibilities hidden within, he set about to release them.

The self-conscious little nobody, the bully, the smart aleck, the beauty who smugly accepted admiring glances as her due, the gawky all-arms-and-legs fellow, the "hayseed," the little snip who had already decided whom she would exclude from her clique—to Professor Clark they all were worthy and lovable. And truth to tell, the longer they were in his company, the more lovable they actually became.

In later decades Glenn Clark became a world-renowned spiritual leader, one of the great souls of our era. To me he remained the kind, understanding, fun-loving prof who saw imperfect girls and boys as whole and helped to mold them into what he saw.

**Wallace F. Janssen '28,  
Chevy Chase, Md., historian for the  
U.S. Food and Drug Administration:**

Professor Clark was already famous when I arrived at Macalester as a freshman.

For some time it had seemed to him that all his prayers were being answered—one way or another. And when a student asked how he prayed, he was moved to relate his experience in an essay



That was the genius of Professor Clark. He gave a feeling of self-worth to everyone he met.





Glenn Clark: His essay on prayer, "The Soul's Sincere Desire," caused a sensation when it was published in 1924. It led to a book, which is still in print.

which he called "The Soul's Sincere Desire." Published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of Aug. 1, 1924, it caused a sensation—and a demand for a book.

You can tell a lot about him from that book, which is still in print. He lives on all over the world because people are fascinated and helped by his ideas about prayer and its applications in life. Clark credited his students for stimulating his thinking about prayer and thus helping to develop the principles set forth in his book. What it seemed to do was to instill confidence. The results were evident in his classes and in the winning track and debate teams which he coached.

Professor Clark and DeWitt Wallace had become friends when Wallace was a freshman and Clark was a "freshman" on the faculty. One day when we arrived for a class in expository writing, we saw a half-dozen big boxes filled with new books still in their jackets. Clark explained they had been sent by Mr. Wallace, who was interested in experimenting on whether it would be worthwhile to condense books in the *Reader's Digest*, and there would be a \$10 prize for the winning condensation. I won, having picked a book that I saw was condensable!

Clark liked to involve his students in experience. In his classes, writing was fun. Under his leadership, Mac had a chapter of the American College Quill Club, a writing fraternity which published the *Gateway Magazine*. We learned to be wordsmiths by doing our own thing. He was interested in each of us, personally, and continued to be after we graduated.

## G. Theodore Mitau '40 *political science, 1940–68*

John M. "Jack" Mason '60,  
Minneapolis, lawyer:

He was demanding. He expected you to come to class prepared and to articulate your point and be prepared to defend it. He absolutely insisted that

you be on time for class. If you entered late, he would stop everything, follow you with his eyes and then when you were seated, say in the most caustic voice, "Pleased you have decided to join us."

Robert K. Whalen '66, Chatham Township,  
N.J., insurance executive:

If you were a student at Macalester 30 years ago, as I was, and if you were in the liberal arts, as I was, then sooner or later you had to come to terms with G. Theodore Mitau. (The "G," upperclassmen assured us, stood for God.)

Mitau was a German Jew who had gotten out of Nazi Germany just in time and, as a young man, had come to the Twin Cities, where he picked up his Ph.D. in political science. He was about 5 feet tall and spoke with the barest trace of an accent in a

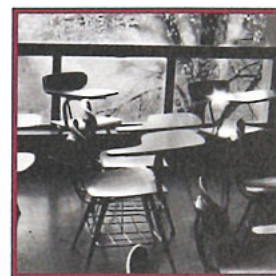


Ted Mitau: Emigrating from Nazi Germany, he became a legend at Macalester.

grating lecture hall voice that made your fillings ache. He was dapper and quick-witted with a sort of bantamweight pugnaciousness.

After listening to Mitau's lectures, it got so you knew his stock phrases like mantras: "proximate solutions to insoluble problems"; "politics is the art of the possible"; "all politics are local." Those of us who were upperclassmen would sit in the rear rows and quietly say the phrases along with him in unison, sort of like cult fans do today at the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Which doesn't mean that he was a lousy teacher. A lousy lecturer, yes, but the lectures didn't count. Nor did you learn much about the nuts and bolts of politics or the classics of political literature. What you were taught was not Political Science 231 but Mitau 231: his own approach to politics as a moral discipline. That and Reinhold Niebuhr, who had written *Moral Man and Immoral Society* (no one reads it today). No matter what the topic, this book would be dragged into it sooner or later. We all

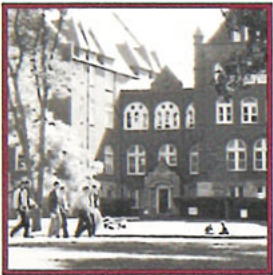


Mitau had come from a society in which politics had gone bad. Forget political theory. They were killing people over there in the 1930s.





J. Huntley Dupre: A zest for what he taught.



I was startled to have Dean Dupre question me. I never wrote another paper for him that I wasn't prepared to defend.

read it, of course, and it was a yawner. But it was the key to understanding Ted Mitau.

You see, Mitau had come from a society in which politics had gone bad. Forget political theory and the art of the possible. They were killing people over there in the 1930s. That is where Niebuhr came in. Moral man and immoral society—Mitau had seen both. That was what he had to teach. His lectures were more like sermons (more like harangues) and you knew that he meant it.

So, what you learned was what Mitau really cared about. It turned out that wasn't politics at all. The course descriptions were all wrong. What he cared about was "the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man." He was the first person I heard use that phrase and it is odd that I never heard it in any other course, including biblical history.

Mac charged a lot of money 30 years ago to educate you and a lot of it seemed to be just retail mark-up for hearing colorful professors like Ted. But after nearly a third of a century, he is the one I remember the best, the one who made the strongest impression. And it wasn't for what he knew but for what he believed. I still have him to contend with when the rest of the faculty are just blurry memories.

**Kelley Beebe McIntosh '65, Milwaukee, Wis., owner of a car wash business:**

My favorite professor would have to be Mitau. I especially thought of *bons mots* from him when I lived in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, in 1979 and '80: "Never discount the religious point of view in power politics." He, of course, was commenting on Germany—World War I and World War II.

I remember that comment well because I fell asleep in class and he asked if I would care to join in the discussion.

## J. Huntley Dupre *history, 1946–64*

**The Rev. Norman D. Stanton '57, Scarsdale, N.Y., Presbyterian minister:**

J. Huntley Dupre was an extraordinarily delightful man with unusual zest for what he taught. He was both a broadly educated person as well as thoroughly competent in his specialties—history and political science. His intellectual honesty was an outstanding feature of his teaching. He was most encouraging to students, and made learning a pleasure.

He had an unusual method of teaching which made him particularly memorable to me. He assigned a number of papers to be written within a short period of time. He read them quickly and returned them with perceptive critical notes. They were returned often by the time of the next meet-

ing of the class and were then the subject of class discussion. They were not, as I learned to my embarrassment, to be research papers in the usual sense of that term, but were to reflect some engagement by the student with the topic.

I shall never forget my first exposure to Dean Dupre's approach to teaching. As an underclassman, I had gotten his permission to enroll in comparative government, usually reserved for juniors and seniors. The assignments were made at once and I struggled valiantly to produce the usual research paper on the topic selected. The method with which I was acquainted was essentially to "cut and paste" the research of other people, carefully noted in footnotes. That approach left little room for any genuine intellectual grappling with the subject.

I was startled to have Dean Dupre begin the next class by saying, "Mr. Stanton, you have said such and such about this and that," and then proceed to question me about my statements. Since my statements were essentially the assertions of other people, I was at sea. The experience revolutionized my approach to study, and I never wrote another paper for Dean Dupre that I wasn't prepared to defend. I took every course he offered, and to this day regard him as among the most original, exciting and effective professors I have ever had.

To my amazement he summoned me to his office one day and told me that I was headed for a promis-



ing academic career in history, and that he was prepared to work on my behalf for admission to graduate school and eligibility for financial aid. That resulted in my going to graduate school at the University of Minnesota. In time I chose another career. Nonetheless, Dean Dupre's support of me as a student was profoundly valuable. He was one of a kind.

## Grace B. Whitridge

*drama and speech, 1900–42*

**The Rev. Gordon M. Torgersen '38, St. Petersburg, Fla., president emeritus of Andover Newton Theological Seminary in Newton Centre, Mass.:**

I entered Mac during the Depression—in 1934. Lucky to get work on campus, I was in charge of the 'Mac Rink' (now the area of the cultural arts buildings) and at the same time I was the third-floor janitor of Old Main, where the philosophy, sociology and speech department classes were held.

MACALESTER ARCHIVES



Grace Whitridge: Speak with clarity.

The person really in charge of that total area was Professor Grace B. Whitridge, head of all speech and drama work. She was an intriguing woman, devoted to the school: gifted, crisp, gracious, but all business.

One day I went to her and said I was leaving school and wanted to say goodbye.

"Why are you leaving?" she wanted to know.

"My father has just lost his job, and I just can't stay in school."

"Sit down," she directed (and anyone who knew her can hear that tone of authority). She left her office, with me sitting there wondering what was going on.

In 10 minutes she returned, and in just as commanding a way she said, "Go back to class. I've been down to the office and I've told them I'll take care of your tuition for the year. Now go to class."

That was Miss Whit. No fuss. Just action. It turned out that I was able after all to take care of my bills, but I've never forgotten Miss Whitridge's concern for students and their education.

Years later Mac gave me an honorary doctor of divinity degree. I'm sure I know how it happened—Miss Whit again. The day I received it at graduation exercises, Dean Margaret Doty said, "Gordon, I think it would be nice if you took your academic hood and went to see Miss Whitridge. She hasn't long to live, and I think she would like to see you."

I went. Miss Whit lay in bed, very frail but very alert, and she said, "Put the hood on. I want to see how you look. I'm so proud!" Every year that I send a check for the Annual Fund, why, of course it's for the school. But to me it is my annual way of saying, "Thank you, Miss Whit."

**Dorothy Pratt Moffet '21, Rochester, Minn., homemaker:**

The name Grace B. Whitridge is almost synonymous with Macalester College. Students learned to be proper ladies and gentlemen and speak with clarity whatever one had to say.

## John P. Hall

*Greek, 1897–1946*

**Benjamin Yukl '30, Wickliffe, Ohio, retired engineer:**

Who was Professor John P. Hall? Sound Greek to you? Oh, yes, one of his charms was teaching Greek!

He was the registrar, a teacher, a coach, Glee Club director and woman charmer who electrified the campus with his presence. A bachelor, he lived with his sister and niece, both spinsters, in the old Wallace residence on Summit Avenue. Their joy was sharing with others all aspects of life, something I enjoyed when they took me in—a poor lad



Miss Whit was an intriguing woman, devoted to the school: gifted, crisp, gracious, but all business.



—to be one of the family for a spell.

Professor Hall loved youth, attending the symphony, hunting squirrels, fishing and sneaking out to see a baseball game. He was an avid reader of Western stories and enjoyed them while smoking cigars in the basement next to the furnace. He thus

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John P. Hall: The registrar, a teacher, a coach.

filled a bushel basket with a copious supply of cigar ash. He was not known to smoke in public.

Hall's lively and humane ways retain their resonance after all these years. Professor Hall gave his all!

MACALESTER ARCHIVES



O.T. Walter: An exemplary life.

school, we always kept in contact, even though I had "migrated" to the Boston area. After my marriage, Dr. Walter and Kathryn, his first wife, visited our home and we visited their apartment when he was on sabbatical in Boston. In later years, whenever my husband and I were in the Twin Cities, we always called or visited with the Walters, and our last visit was shortly before his death. I believe O.T. Walter had a lasting influence on my life and on the lives of countless others.



Dr. Walter shaped my life and my values. He was demanding and at the same time challenged me to do my best.

## O.T. Walter

*biology, 1922–63*

**Marjory Gregory Nelsen '39,**  
Marion, Kan., homemaker:

Dr. O.T. Walter was an outstanding professor. He was truly a Christian gentleman. Though not a science major, I was privileged to be a student in his classes. He shaped my life and my values by the exemplary life he lived. He was demanding and at the same time challenged me to do my best. He was honest and unassuming and was always interested in the career I was pursuing. Macalester lost a great servant when he left the college scene.

**Harriet Gregory Bragg '37,**  
Attleboro, Mass., retired physician:

Dr. Walter treated his students as his equals and challenged us to aim for our highest potential. We wanted to achieve because he believed in us. He was always a gentleman with high moral and ethical standards. When I indicated my desire to attend medical school, he gave me his unstinting support.

After my graduation from Macalester and medical

## William L. Thompson

*English and humanities, 1950–75*

**Margaret McKenzie Wrenn '56,** studio clay artist, Tucson, Ariz.:

We all referred to him as "Wild Bill" Thompson. His classes were always small. I think students stayed away in droves because they heard of his eccentricities and what we called his "nit-picking" assignments. But I needed the credits in the Victorian and Romantic periods of English literature for my major, so I ended up in his class—no choice of my own. We read the obscure works of major writers, 10 pages at a time. Then he gave a little quiz to see if we paid attention to detail.

On Fridays we'd come in the classroom and there would be an easel set up with a print of some famous 19th century painting on it. I remember Degas' "Dancers," Albert Pinkham Ryder's "Race Track" and Van Gogh's "Stormy Night." Our



assignment was to look at the painting with total concentration for 15 to 20 minutes—no cheating, no reading for next week's assignment, no writing letters, not even any daydreaming—just stare at that painting. At the beginning there was usually a lot of shuffling of feet and squirming in those desk chairs, but this guy had a hawk's eye and we felt compelled to comply.

How long is a semester? Sixteen weeks? I forget, but I stared at 16 or so paintings each semester, ranging from Cézanne to Gauguin, and it was virtually the first time I had ever seen most of them. We talked about them afterward: color, light, action, social significance, historical context. Somehow, over the semester, Wild Bill wove those threads together, connected literature to art, to history, to social evolution, industrial and political revolution, and he did it by showing us how to really look and to pay attention to detail.

I didn't come out of that class realizing his influence on me, but he opened my eyes. I began looking at art and then reading about art, and about 12 years after graduating from Macalester I began

for learning about the way modern people structure their lives and societies.

It was Jim who fully realized the potential of ethnography. He communicated a child's sense of wonder about the world while retaining the wisdom of an adult to interpret it. He opened our eyes to the fact that we deal with subcultures every day, and there was much to learn if we would just exhibit the curiosity and invest the time to find out about them.

In Cultural Life History, we studied our personal cultures in amazing detail and learned to appreciate

MACALESTER ARCHIVES



**William Thompson:** He connected literature to art, opening his students' eyes and teaching them how to see.

studying art. Now, 35 years later, that is what I do. Dr. Thompson taught me to see. He taught me to pay attention to detail. These are the two things that keep me alive in my profession today.

## James P. Spradley

*anthropology, 1969–82*

**Julie Stroud '81, St. Paul, development associate:**

I had no intention of majoring in anthropology when I came to Macalester. One class with Jim Spradley changed my mind.

Jim taught ethnography, which is a method of studying and understanding a culture from the "native's" point of view. I saw right away that this method provided a unique, respectful framework

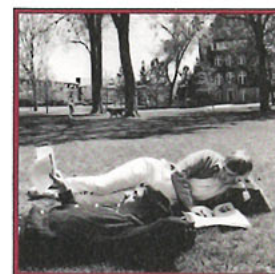


**Jim Spradley:** Understanding a culture from the "native's" point of view.

the complexity of the rules and values that governed our behaviors. We ended the semester with a holiday party at the Spradleys' house. Everyone brought a gift of something that had been particularly important to them, and we piled them all in the center of the room. After dinner the class smugly settled in to enjoy the gift exchange, but Jim planned to loosen our foothold in tradition. Rather than give a specific gift to a specific person, the first gift opener was told to choose any gift in the center. The next recipient could either open a new gift or take the gift of any person who had opened before him.

Needless to say, this shift in the cultural norm threw the room into chaos, with spirited begging for, bartering over and occasionally outright seizing of the most desirable gifts. It was a startling (and hysterically funny) lesson in the law of supply and demand, and an evening that I'll always remember.

Jim Spradley gave many gifts to his students, among them his time, energy and creativity. But first and foremost, he gave us the tools to teach ourselves.



**Jim Spradley** communicated a child's sense of wonder about the world while retaining the wisdom of an adult to interpret it.



## David A. Lanegran '63

*geography, 1969 to present*

Joel R. Stegner '71, Edina, Minn.,  
market research manager for  
North Memorial Medical Center:

David Lanegran had a lot of impact on how I "see the world."

Late my junior year, I added a second major in geography, in large part because of Dave Lanegran's all-day urban geography field trip. I vividly remember driving around St. Paul neighborhoods with a couple classmates seeing for the first time



Roger Mosvick: Going beyond the expected to make a Macalester education something truly special.

## Roger K. Mosvick '52

*speech communication, 1956 to present*

David Bell '65, New York, president,  
Bozell Inc. advertising:

I remember Roger K. Mosvick, known to his troops as "the Mozz," because of the impact his debate teaching and coaching had on my career. I look back on his in-class and out-of-class contribution with great fondness. He was willing to lead, to befriend, to teach, plead, demand and push. Yet, all the while, he did it in a way that made his group feel like a family.

The debate tour from St. Paul through Mississippi and Georgia, culminating with the major win against the Ivy schools at the College of William and Mary, is a particularly vibrant memory.

None of it could have happened without his willingness to go beyond the expected to make a Macalester education something truly special.

## Henry R. West

*philosophy, 1965 to present*

Isaac Anoff-Yeboah '77, Koforidua, Ghana,  
trucking business:

I really got to know how the world is through taking a lot of courses from Professor Henry West. My inclination and ambition was to major in economics and business and then become a businessman. But then I took an introduction to philosophy. This was followed by a series of courses. So I majored in philosophy and sociology. Now I am on my own and can approach any philosophical argument from any angle.

Last and not least, I also picked up the game of tennis from Professor West. I came to Macalester



'The Mozz' was willing to lead, to befriend, to teach, plead, demand and push.

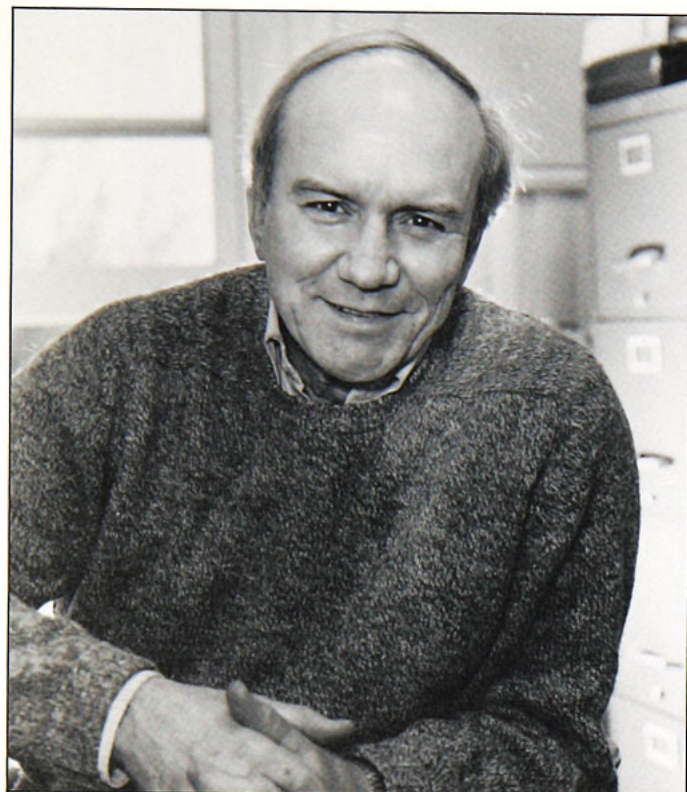
GREG HELGESON



David Lanegran: He gives students special glasses.

the living history that surrounds us. The Frogtowns of the world (modest places where people live) continue to hold a fascination for me. While a Mac education gives us many insights about the world around us, Dave Lanegran gave me a special set of glasses I can put on anytime and anywhere I choose.





GREG HELGESON

Henry West: Passing on philosophy—and tennis.

knowing soccer and table tennis and came back to Ghana knowing tennis. Professor West and other professors helped to make me what I am today. I thank all of them.

## Calvin J. Roetzel

*religious studies, 1969 to present*

Jan M. Shaw-Flamm '76, St. Paul, consulting partner in PIP Printing and "professional mom":

Calvin Roetzel personified what is special about Macalester.

I had a basic background in the Old and New Testaments from my childhood, but as an academic

Calvin Roetzel: With a gift for teaching, he communicates the excitement of scholarship in the Old and New Testaments.



GREG HELGESON

pursuit they were Greek to me. Dr. Roetzel has the gift of teaching at the level of a beginner's understanding while offering substantial exposure to the excitement of the scholarship which is happening *right now* at the highest levels.

Even more than the academic joys, Dr. Roetzel offered a glimpse of what it means to be a part of a community, specifically the Macalester community. One dreadful spring a member of that community committed suicide, and Dr. Roetzel was unique among my professors in commenting in class how terribly sad it was that *one of us* was hurting so badly and had escaped our recognition and help.

His comments impressed upon me the importance of Macalester, not only for academic preparation, but also as preparation for participation in the community of the larger world.



GREG HELGESON

Karl Sandberg: A good sport, but he had the last word.

## Karl C. Sandberg

*French, 1968 to present*

Laura R. Loomis '88, Hartford, Conn., graduate student in social work:

My hands-down favorite professor was Karl Sandberg.

When I pulled a toy dart gun and declared a classroom revolution, Professor Sandberg was such a good sport that he became my favorite target for practical jokes. At various times I attacked him with a rubber chicken, a giant stuffed spider, a Jim Stew-



Dr. Roetzel was unique in commenting in class how terribly sad it was that *one of us* was hurting so badly and had escaped our recognition.



art mask and a Plato parody called "The Sandbergas."

He had the last word, though. The day of the final, after we'd spent two hours scribbling in our blue books, he announced there was "just one more thing we need to do to make the semester complete." Then he pulled a dart gun and shot me while the other students applauded.

## Charles R. Green

*political science, 1965 to present*

David J. Deno '79, Wichita, Kan.,  
vice president of finance and controller,  
Pizza Hut Inc.:

While I was at Macalester, Chuck was a legend whose reputation preceded him. He was known for offering very challenging and difficult classes, and I'm sure that I was not the only one who was intimidated when I first walked into his classroom. In fact, many students, including myself, often took at least one light course to offset the work that was expected to come from one of Professor Green's courses.

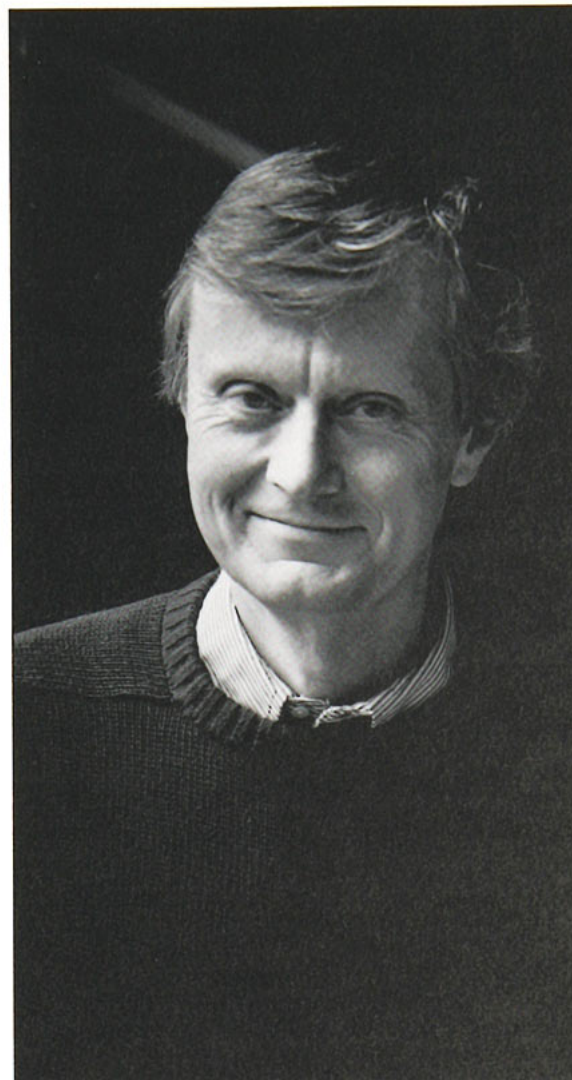
Chuck's classes attracted some of the best and brightest students on campus. Some of the things I remember best about Chuck, his classes and what they have meant to me include:

- Excellent teaching. Professor Green had a unique ability to mix lectures, discussions and cases when presenting material. His presentation of academic theory and the resulting case work were terrific.
- Innovation. Chuck often presented themes and ideas long before they were popular. In my business career, I often use the management principles originally presented by Chuck in his classes 15 years ago. They remain very relevant and important in today's business world.
- Access. Professor Green went out of his way to advise, teach and counsel students. I found him to be very helpful.

Since leaving Macalester I have completed an M.B.A. at the University of Michigan and attended executive training courses at some top universities. I have yet to find a professor who taught as well as Chuck Green.

**Marlene M. Johnson '68, St. Paul,**  
senior fellow at the Family Support Project,  
Center for Policy Alternatives  
in Washington, D.C.:

Chuck had the ability to get to the bottom of an issue with very quiet humor. In my sophomore year I was feeling pretty discouraged—that would be an understatement—about whether I should stay in school. This was before the women's move-



JIM BARBOUR

Chuck Green: A new way of thinking about politics.

ment. There was no public discussion at all, academic or otherwise, of women's roles. The unspoken issue back then was that we all went to school to find the right man. Chuck told me, "Well, there's always the choice of selling shoes, but somehow I don't think that's your mission."

He was trying to help me understand that I had talents and gifts that were not necessarily reflected in my academic work. That conversation and others around that time made it possible for me to see a range of options that I probably wouldn't have seen.

He introduced the new way of thinking about politics—we never had courses on political behavior at Macalester before Chuck Green. He was also a very patient kind of adviser. The Chuck Greens of the world are very focused on their students and the needs of their students as well as the content of what they're trying to teach.

He remains an adviser and a friend. There are a handful of people in your life that you'd do anything for. I'd cross the ocean for him. ■



The Chuck Greens of the world are very focused on their students as well as the content of what they're trying to teach.





## Coming soon to 'Dear Old Macalester': Reunion Weekend, June 5, 6 and 7, 1992

### Friday, June 5

Minicollage on "Exploration and Discovery" includes the history of exploration (Professor David Lanegran '63); update on what's become of the U.S.S.R. (Professor Dorothy Dodge); history's encounter with the female presence in 1492 (Professor Teresita Martínez-Vergne); myth and reality in the discovery of America (Professor Jack Weatherford); discussion of Professor Diane Glancy's plays about Native Americans (with Glancy and researcher Kristi Wheeler '69); immigration and ethnicity in American history (Professor Peter Rachleff).

Other highlights: M Club Mac Hack golf tournament and luncheon; authors' reunion; Concert Choir reunion dinner; President Gavin's dinner for all alumni; Alumni Service and Distinguished Citizen awards; comedy cabaret with Susan Vass; class hospitality centers.

### Saturday, June 6

Minicollage: the Africans' discovery of North America (Professor James Stewart).

Other highlights: M Club breakfast and sports panel; the Arab world today; "Macalester's Vision of the Nineties," a conversation with President Gavin; all-class picnic; tour of the Anthony Caponi Art Park; "Paving the Way: Macalester Women in Science, Law, Health, Journalism and Art"; class photos; all-class social; class parties.

### Sunday, June 7

All-alumni breakfast; chapel service, with Alumni Concert Choir under the direction of Dale Warland; all-class brunch.



### Air travel

Northwest is the official airline for Reunion and offers a 5 percent discount on the lowest applicable fare. Call Northwest Meeting Services at 1-800-328-1111 weekdays between 6 a.m. and midnight CST. Mention special code 05582 and identify yourself as a participant in Macalester's Reunion Weekend.

### Off-campus housing

Discount rates for Reunion Weekend visitors are offered by the Sheraton Midway Hotel (612-642-1234) at Interstate 94 and Hamline Avenue. Call the hotel and identify yourself as a participant in Macalester's Reunion Weekend.

### On-campus housing

Returning alumni are housed in Doty Residence Hall. Make your reservations through the Alumni Office.

### Class reunion contacts

To learn about the specific plans of your class' reunion, see the Class Reunion Contacts under each year ending in "7" and "2" in this issue's Class Notes.

### Child care

Macalester students will provide care for children ages 2-8 in the nursery at Macalester Plymouth Church, corner of Lincoln and Macalester, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Saturday.

### Reservations

We can serve you best if you have made reservations before you arrive. Your reunion brochure and reservation form will arrive between March 20 and April 1. Watch for it!

## Questions?

Call the Alumni Office, (612) 696-6295.



LETTERS continued from inside front cover

lives. Particularly, I wanted to find out which of the great books they had read.

Unfortunately, I was somewhat let down that most of the books mentioned were more or less recently written. Only two or three of the great classics (Homer's *Iliad*, Shakespeare, etc.) were mentioned.

After musing about this little enigma, it occurred to me that each of us chooses our reading according to the specialization we choose to follow in life. In one way or other, our selections fortify our specific knowledge of a given field.

One of the great attributes of a liberal arts education is the inspiration it gives toward a lifetime of reading. Hopefully, on a variety of subjects! Unfortunately, the complex society in which we live requires that we specialize if we want to stand out in our chosen field.

In my case, I have built and continue to expand my library of 1,100 books on a

single subject—the history of the Mississippi River and its tributaries. But let us not forget that there is a place and need in our lives for the classics—the great books!

A truly poignant treatise on the great books and their contribution toward a liberal education is outlined in the first volume of the 54-volume Britannica Great Books Series. It was, of course, written by Robert Maynard Hutchins, one of the best-known liberal arts educators of our time.

Every educator should read Hutchins' provocative introduction in volume one. Volumes two and three are just about as important as they outline 102 subjects important to mankind and chronologically index where and what the great writers of all time had to say about each subject. Just becoming familiar with the first three volumes may ensure a desire to hit at least some of the others.

Capt. William D. Bowell Sr. '49  
St. Paul

Eduardo Galeano's *Open Veins of Latin America*, an often angry, always inspired history, showed me the value of pursuing truth with passion. With every word, I realized that the profoundly human implications of my actions demand nothing less.

As a teacher in south central Los Angeles, this is the principle by which I try to live my life and the one I most hope my students learn.

James Denby '91  
Los Angeles

## P.C. (poetic comment)

There once was a college named "Mac"

Where morals came under attack

And debate that is free

Was ruled "not P.C!"

By the smug pseudo-liberals' clique

The Rev. Gerard Phillips '52  
East Petersburg, Pa.

AT MACALESTER continued from page 5

and finished with 24 goals. Abboud netted 56 goals in four years at Macalester—a record which may never be broken. Through four years at Macalester, Jackson, Bridge and Abboud led the Scots to a pair of MIAC championships and a 45-14-5 record.

Another highlight of fall sports was the emergence of Macalester among the elite women's cross country teams in the MIAC, a league recognized as the strongest in the nation. The Scots placed fourth at the conference championships, behind three nationally ranked teams and ahead of another. With everyone coming back next year, the future looks bright for coach Vanessa Seljeskog's talented team. Junior Jen Tonkin (Bellevue, Wash.) is the latest in a long line of exceptional Macalester distance runners. She placed eighth at the conference meet and 13th in the Central Region. First-year student Karen Kreul (Stevens Point, Wis.) and sophomore Rebecca McCarrier (Powell, Ohio) had strong seasons as well.

The Scots struggled to be competitive in other fall sports.

The men's cross country team improved three positions to eighth in the MIAC and could be in the top half of the league next year. Newcomer Jon Greenberg (Seattle) was the second-fastest freshman at the MIAC Championships and missed All-Conference status by just one second.

The football team won its season-opener over Lawrence University but lost its final eight games. Senior offensive lineman Mark Omodt (Minneapolis) was named All-MIAC for the second straight season and junior tailback Derrick Malcom (Social Circle, Ga.) ran for 985 yards. Had the game with Hamline not been cancelled because of bad weather, Malcom probably would have set a school record for most rushing yards in a season. Omodt and senior defensive back Scott DeGeus (Stewartville, Minn.) were named to the GTE District 5 All-Academic team.

Mac's volleyball team struggled through a 1-31 season. Sophomore Erica McLean (St. Paul) established herself as one of the top hitters in the league. Senior setter Cassi Mickelson (Ada, Minn.) was named second team All-MIAC.

—Andy Johnson

## Computer glitch

I would like to correct an inaccuracy in the August 1991 issue of *Macalester Today*.

On page 19 you discuss the change in computer technology on campus. The NCR computer which was installed in the fall of 1970 was not the college's first computer. That distinction falls to the IBM 1130 computer which was installed Feb. 13, 1967. Dr. John H. Scott taught what I think was the first programming course during the Interim term of 1968.

The IBM was used primarily for academic work, although Dr. Scott and a couple of students did do some work for the administration, including the registrar's office. The IBM was a workhorse and was not removed from service until Aug. 1, 1977. The DEC PDP-11/70, which replaced the IBM and did both academic and administrative computing, had a longer tenure.

The NCR was the college's first solely administrative computer. I'm not sure of the dates, but it was only around for a few years.

Thanks to Dr. Allan M. Kirch for the exact dates.

Bruce L. Gaarder '71  
St. Paul





## Friends Old and New

Last September, 275 first-year Macalester students took part in what has become a tradition of Orientation Week: "Into the Streets" Community Service Day.

The students worked at 27 sites throughout the Twin Cities, from the Harriet Tubman Women's Shelter to the Eastside Boys and Girls Club. They served a meal to the homeless, helped build a home for low-income people, played with children, did yard work for senior citizens.

At Lyngblomsten Care Center in St. Paul, Liv H. Haines '95 of Fairhaven, Mass., received an appreciative hug from Ethel Olson, a resident of the center.

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